

GAY HEART THROBS

\$2⁰⁰

NO.3

Hi DWAYNE.
HOW ARE YOU
TODAY ?

HORNY

Ink Well

ADULTS ONLY

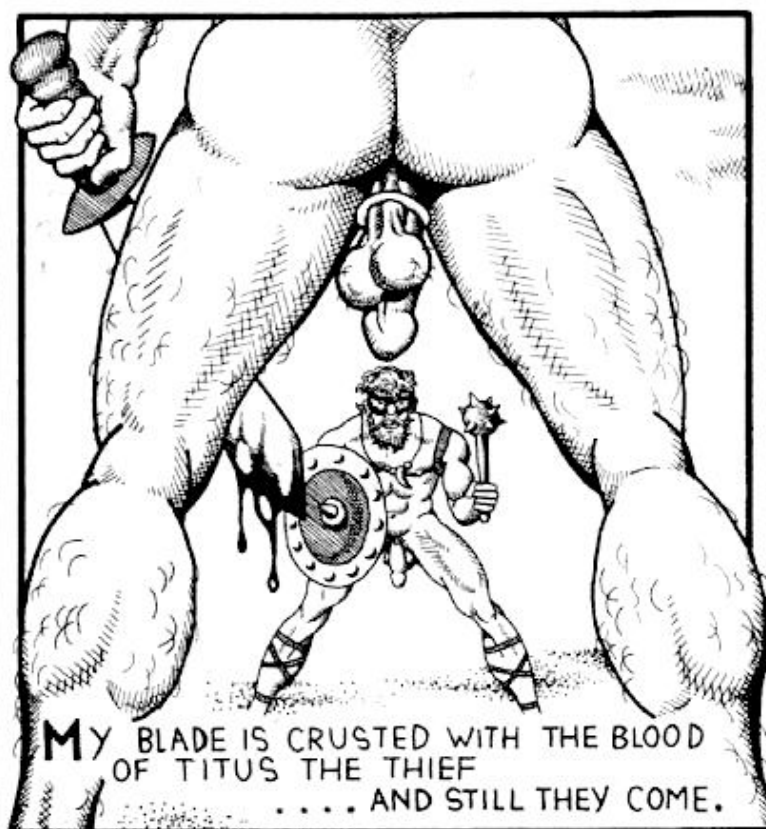


TABLE OF CONTENTS:



©1981 by W. Spade/A. Christian Black

GAY HEART THROBS No. 3 — Published Summer 1981 by Inkwell, Inc., 495 Ellis Street No. 2595, San Francisco, Ca., 94107. No responsibility is assumed for unsolicited artwork or manuscripts or other material. If you want it returned, please include the postage. Additional copies of this book or Gay Heart Throbs Nos. 1 and 2 can be obtained from the above address at \$2.00 per copy plus \$1.00 postage. All orders must be accompanied by a signed statement of age (**over 18!**) *I mean, REALLY!* **Dealers pls write to Last Gasp, p.o. box 212, Berkeley, CA., 94701.** Last Gasp is where you dealers get good prompt discount type service for MULTIPLE (A Dozen or more, with discounts) **ORDERS!** *But for private personalized service on single-type orders, PUH-LEASE write to the 495 Ellis Street address.* This is, after all, where the one and only, original All-American comic **began!** In closing, let me say three things: **THANK YOU!** to all the fine folks who helped put this little gem together (Mike, Reggie, Ben, Yves, Dan, A. Christian and, of course, Raye); God bless Baba Ron; and, **All Material in this publication which is, of course, fiction, is copyrighted all over creation by Larry Fuller, Editor and Queen Bee, (world rights reserved) 1981.** Scavengers take heed! This book is supposed to entertain Adults over the age of 18 years only and should not be sold to persons under that chronological measurement upon penalty of law. Hope you have one half as much fun reading this as I did putting it together.





IT DRIPS GREY WITH THE BRAINS OF
ARGOS, GIANT OF THE NORTHLANDS



... AND STILL THEY COME .



AND HAS BATHED IN THE WARM TANGLED
GUTS OF CASSIUS, PRISONER TOO OF
THE EMPIRE WE HERE TODAY ENTERTAIN.



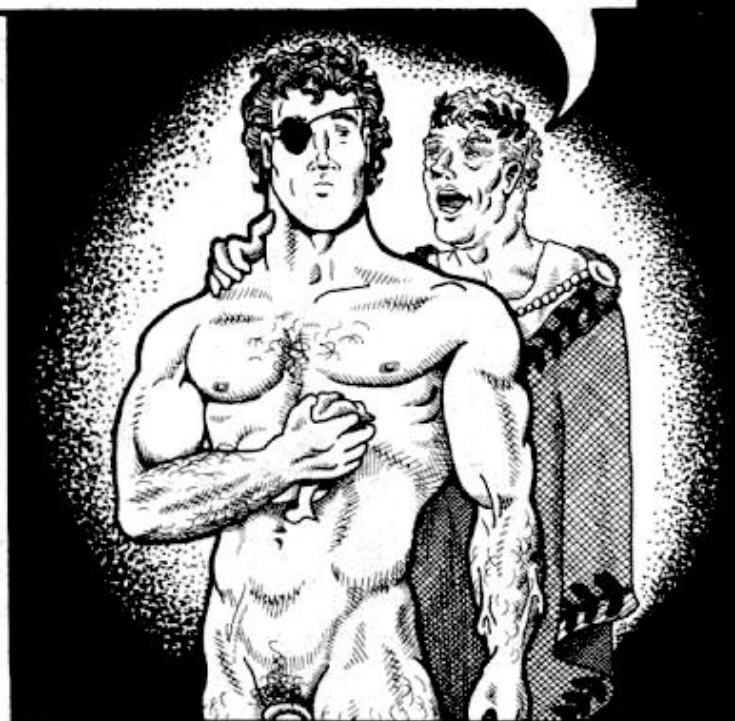
I STAND BEFORE ROME MY LIMBS ACHING WITH FATIGUE, BLOOD SEEPING FROM MANY WOUNDS.
BUT I AM VICTORIOUS. ALIVE FOR ANOTHER NIGHT.

THE GAMES CONTINUED OUTSIDE WHILE I BATHED AND DRESSED MY INJURIES. NOT EXPECTING ANY VISITORS, I WAS SUDDENLY SURPRISED.



A SUPERB SHOW ! YOU WERE DIVINE MY BOY ! DO I, YOUR DEAREST ADMIRER, STILL HOLD A CHANCE TO SUCK THAT JUICY COCK YOU DANGLE FOR ALL TO SAVOR HUNGRY THOUGHTS ON ? NO, DON'T ANSWER ! I KNOW THE REPLY, 'VOLUPTUOUS RELEASE ROBS THE GLADIATOR OF STRENGTH AND THUS INCREASES THE POSSIBILITY OF HIS DEMISE' BUT WHAT OF ME ?! YOU KNOW MORE WAYS TO KILL A MAN THAN MERELY PLUNGING A BLADE THROUGH HIS RIBS. YOUR REFUSAL IS A SWORD IN MY ACHING HEART !

MAY I THEN INSTEAD, CONVEY AN INVITATION WHICH MIGHT PROVE OF AMUS-ING INTEREST TO YOU OF A PARTICULAR RITUALISTIC, SHALL WE SAY, 'PARTY' WHICH MY BELOVED WIFE (THE SUPERSTITIOUS DARLING) HAS ASKED YOUR PRESENCE. IT WOULD NOT BE SEEMLY IF YOUR EMPEROR IS SEEN AT SUCH A GATHERING, SO I WILL BE GOING IN THE GUISE OF LUCRETA'S MAID. THE PROCESSION STARTS OUT FROM THE AUGAULIAN GATE WHEN THE MOON HAS CLIMBED HIGH THIS BALMY NIGHT.



TO REFUSE ADVANCES AND THEN DECLINE FROM A PERSONAL INVITATION IS TO INVITE VENGEFUL DISFAVOR. I CONSENTED.

AS WE CLIMBED IN THE PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT TO THE LITTLE FORGOTTEN TEMPLE BEARDED WITH THE FOLIAGE OF THE WOODS A WIND ROSE OUT OF THE DARK PLACES ABOUT AND LIKE THE CURRENT OF A RIVER, REFRESHED MY BARE LEGS WITH SOOTHING COOLNESS. FOR THOSE WHO MUST FACE DEATH EACH DAY, EVERY IMPRESSION, EVERY HEARTBEAT IS SAVORED. UPON ENTERING THE SOLEMN SPACE A STRANGE INCENSE SEDUCED MY SENSES AND THE NAME 'HIMAL BUB-BUB' ROSE UP FROM DEEP WITHIN THE MARBLE EDIFICE IN A RYTHMIC MONOTONOUS CHANT.

A MORBID FASCINATION TOOK HOLD OF ME AS TORCH AND LANTERN LIT THE WAY DOWN GRIME ENCRUSTED STEPS TO THE CELLAR BELOW WHERE SUBMERGED IN CLOUDS OF INCENSE I BEHELD THE FILTHY

STONE THING FROM THE BOWELS OF ASIA AND ABOUT ITS FEET THE WRITHING, SWOONING SERVANTS INTOXICATED ON WINE AND EXOTIC DRUGS, WHO'S CHANT WAS NOW PULSING IN MY BLOOD TOO. I WAS WITNESS TO A CULT WHO GAVE WAY FREELY TO THE FORCES OF NATURE.



IT WAS THE DRINKING OF THE WINE THAT DID IT. THE DRINKING AND THE WAY HE FLAUNTED THAT HUGE BLACK ASS.

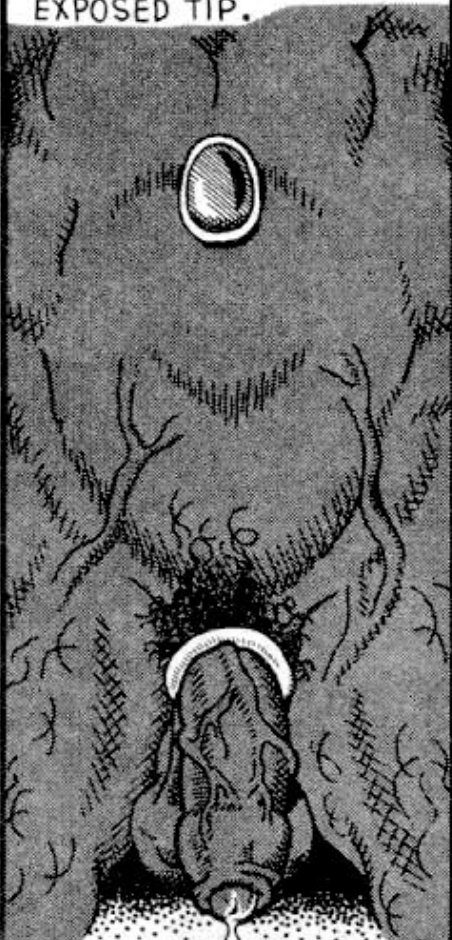


BOUNCING, WOBBLING HEAPS OF EBONY MEAT, GLOSSY AS FINE VELVET. STREAKED WITH THE SHEEN OF PERSPIRATION ROLLING DOWN BETWEEN THE FAT CHEEKS, WETTING THOSE HEAVY DANGLING, SWEAT DAMP BALLS, CLAMPED BY THE ROOTS IN AN IMPRESSIVE PHALLUS RING OF GOLD.



THE WAY HE KISSED THE NAKED — BOYS TO TEASE ME... AROUSE ME.

HIS THICK, VEIN LACED COCK FILLING WITH BLOOD. SLIPPERY JUICE OOOZING FROM ITS EXPOSED TIP.



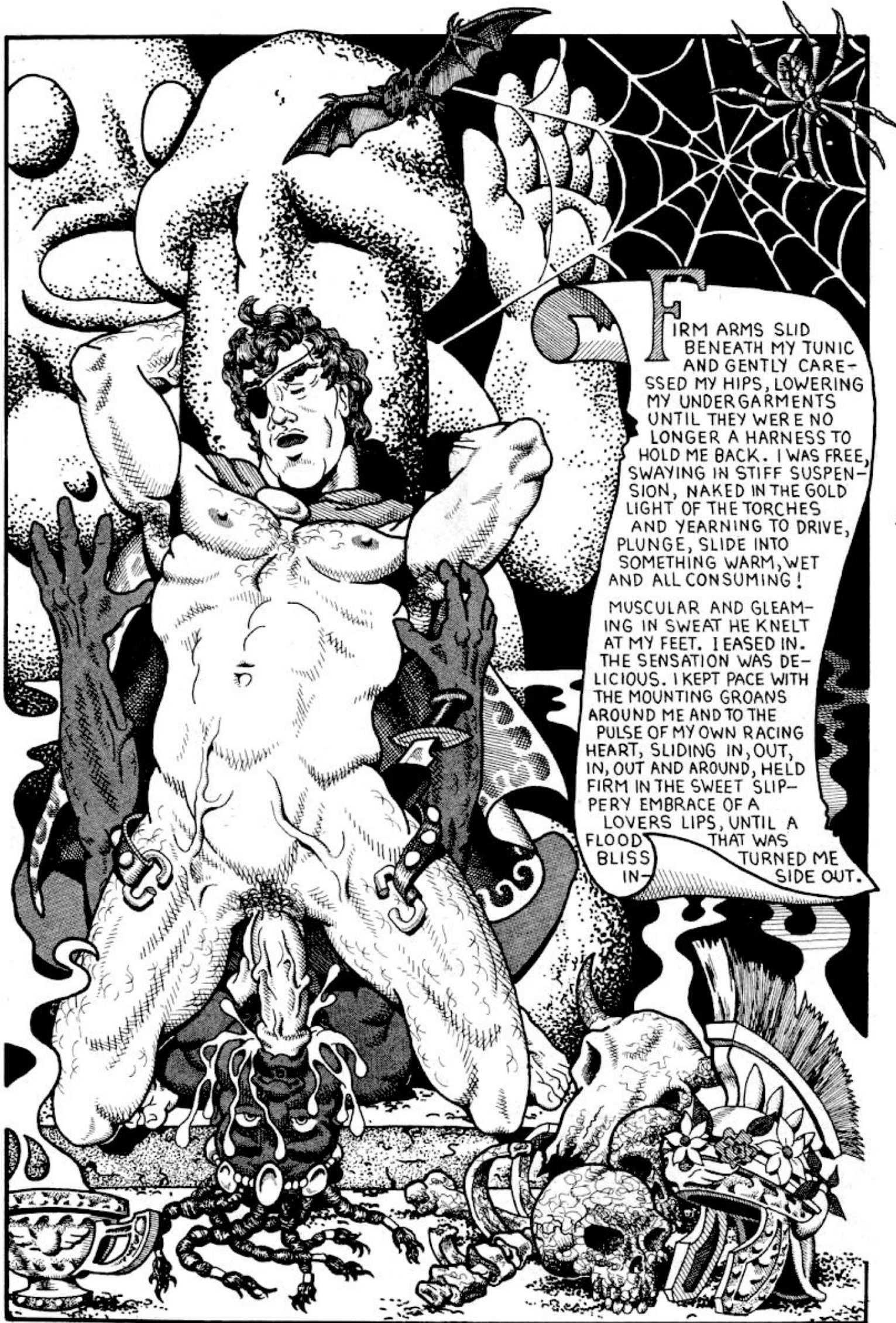
THE FORESKIN STRETCHING, SLIDING OVER THE EXPANDING MUSCLES AND FLOODED ARTERIES.



I SHUT MY EYE TO HOLD BACK THE PASSIONS IGNITED WITHIN ME; THE CRAVING TO INDULGE IN A LUST THAT ABOUNDED WITHOUT MODESTY.

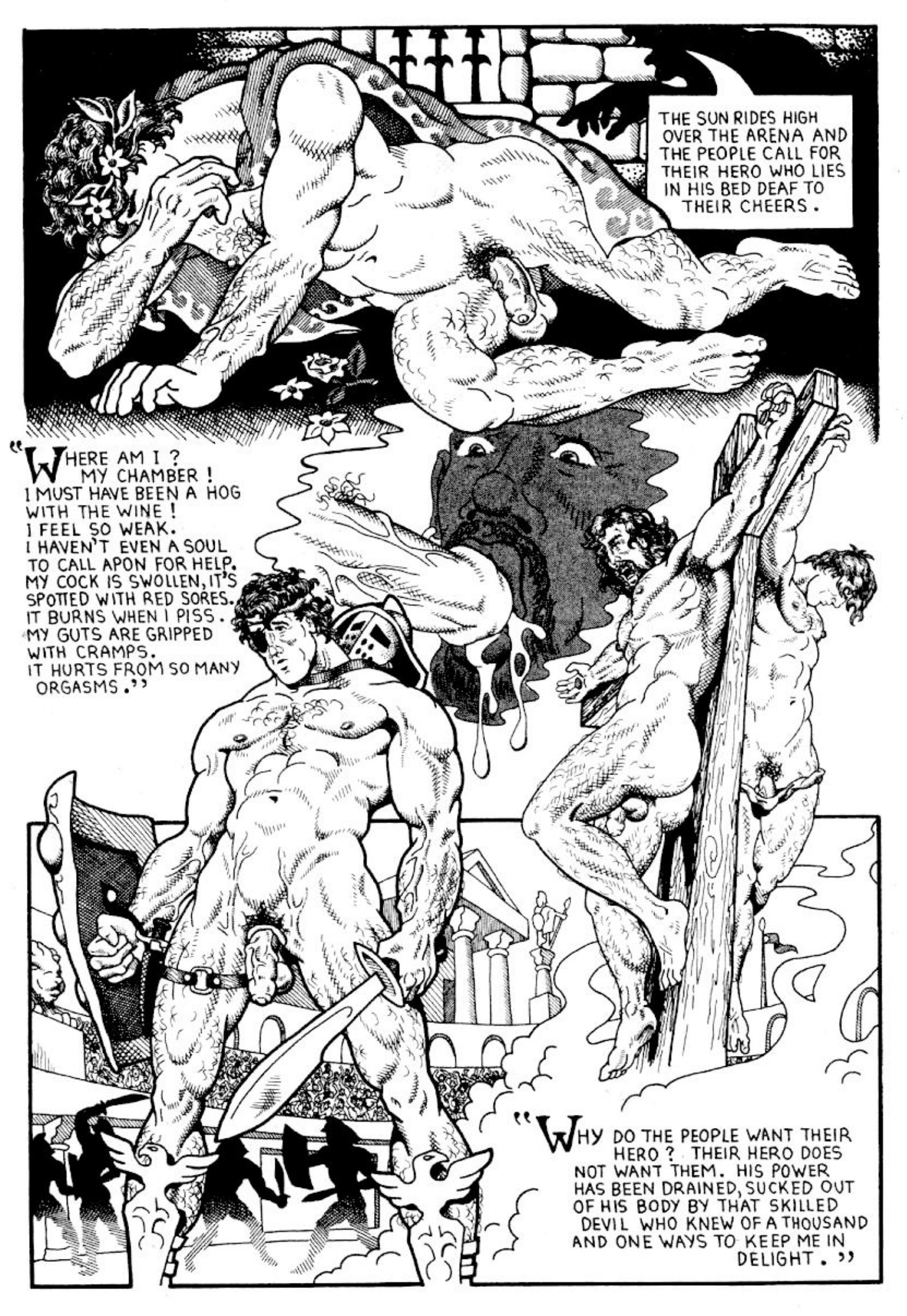


THERE WAS A WARM BREATHING ON MY CHEEK. A SOFT PRESSURE AGAINST MY LIPS. DELIBERATE. SLOW. IRRESISTIBLE.



FIRM ARMS SLID
BENEATH MY TUNIC
AND GENTLY CARE-
SSED MY HIPS, LOWERING
MY UNDERGARMENTS
UNTIL THEY WERE NO
LONGER A HARNESS TO
HOLD ME BACK. I WAS FREE,
SWAYING IN STIFF SUSPEN-
SION, NAKED IN THE GOLD
LIGHT OF THE TORCHES
AND YEARNING TO DRIVE,
PLUNGE, SLIDE INTO
SOMETHING WARM, WET
AND ALL CONSUMING!

MUSCULAR AND GLEAM-
ING IN SWEAT HE KNELT
AT MY FEET. I EASED IN.
THE SENSATION WAS DE-
LICIOUS. I KEPT PACE WITH
THE MOUNTING GROANS
AROUND ME AND TO THE
PULSE OF MY OWN RACING
HEART, SLIDING IN, OUT,
IN, OUT AND AROUND, HELD
FIRM IN THE SWEET SLIP-
PERY EMBRACE OF A
LOVERS LIPS, UNTIL A
FLOOD BLISS IN-
THAT WAS TURNED ME
SIDE OUT.



THE SUN RIDES HIGH
OVER THE ARENA AND
THE PEOPLE CALL FOR
THEIR HERO WHO LIES
IN HIS BED DEAF TO
THEIR CHEERS.

"WHERE AM I?
MY CHAMBER!
I MUST HAVE BEEN A HOG
WITH THE WINE!
I FEEL SO WEAK.
I HAVEN'T EVEN A SOUL
TO CALL APON FOR HELP.
MY COCK IS SWOLLEN, IT'S
SPOTTED WITH RED SORES.
IT BURNS WHEN I PISS.
MY GUTS ARE GRIPPED
WITH CRAMPS.
IT HURTS FROM SO MANY
ORGASMS."

"WHY DO THE PEOPLE WANT THEIR
HERO? THEIR HERO DOES
NOT WANT THEM. HIS POWER
HAS BEEN DRAINED, SUCKED OUT
OF HIS BODY BY THAT SKILLED
DEVIL WHO KNEW OF A THOUSAND
AND ONE WAYS TO KEEP ME IN
DELIGHT."

I WAS DRUNK WITH FATIGUE. MY SHIELD AND SWORD PULLED AT MY ARMS. A LIGHTNESS IN THE HEAD KEPT ME SWAYING WITH THE WEIGHT. I HAD NOT EVEN THE STRENGTH TO CURSE MY OWN STUPIDITY AT WHAT I HAD ALLOWED TO HAPPEN. NUMBLY I FACED MY OPPONENT.

I'VE GOT TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER!

WHAT IS THE MATTER CHAMP; SCARED?!

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE I GLANCED OUR EMPEROR BUSY UNDER THE TUNICS OF HIS FAVORITE CHAMBER BOYS, PUMPING THEIR BLOATED ORGANS, GORGED AND THROBBING WITH BLOOD LUST. HIS OWN EYES AFLAME WITH EXCITEMENT AS NAKED, MUSCULAR BODIES WERE PUNCTURED WITH BLADES THAT SEVERED LIMBS AND SPILLED HOT STINKING GUTS FROM SPLIT OPEN BELLIES.

STINK



WHILE THE TWO PRETTY CHAMBER BOYS; THEIR EYES ROLLED UP BEHIND HEAVY LIDS, LIPS PARTED IN SIGHS OF DELICIOUSNESS, DROOL LEAKING ONTO THEIR CHINS, SPURTED FORTH THEIR THICK LIQUID OVER THE WITHERED HAND WORKING THE TWIN SHAFTS. SPLASHING THE CUM OVER THEIR OWN HEAVING BELLIES IN PEARLY STREAKS.

IT WAS WHEN THE OLD LECHER DIPPED HIS FOREFINGER DEEP INTO THE NAVEL OF THE LEFT BOY TO SCOOP OUT THE KIDS OWN SEMEN THAT PUDDLED THERE FROM HIS FOURTH ORGASM, AND SLID THE SLIMY FINGER INTO HIS MOUTH TO SUCK ON AS IF IT WERE A SUCCULENT DATE, THAT I, DIZZY AND EXHAUSTED, SPENT FROM A NIGHT OF SENSUAL SURRENDER TO A PAGAN GOD, FAULTERED...

...LOST MY CONFIDENCE

...LOST MY BALANCE.



THE GODS HAVE NO PITY FOR EITHER OF US. YOU SHOULD HAVE STOOD FIRM TO YOUR GLADIATORS CODE; VOLUPTUOUS INDULGENCE ROBS THE GLADIATOR OF STRENGTH AND THUS INCREASES THE POSSIBILITY OF HIS DEMISE? I MIGHT HAVE SHOWN FAVOR HAD YOU SWUNG THAT COCK MY WAY, BUT NOW YOUR DEATH WILL HAVE TO SURFICE AS MY TITILLATION AND THE MILK OF YOUR BULLOCKS BE REPLACED BY THE BLOOD YOU ARE ABOUT TO SPILL FOR THE PLEASURE OF ROME.
DO AWAY WITH THE BITCH !



MY EYE BEHELD A FEIGNED LOVER, HIS TEETH BARED BY A SHREWD SMILE, HIS TONGUE LICKING THOSE TREACHEROUS, SPITTLE SMEARED LIPS THAT SUCKED ME DRY FOR HIS OWN SURVIVAL.



AND THEN I SAW NO MORE AS THE BLADE SLID INTO MY EYE-BALL, MASHING IT TO JELLY, GRINDING ITS WAY TO THE BRAIN AND MY OBLIVION.

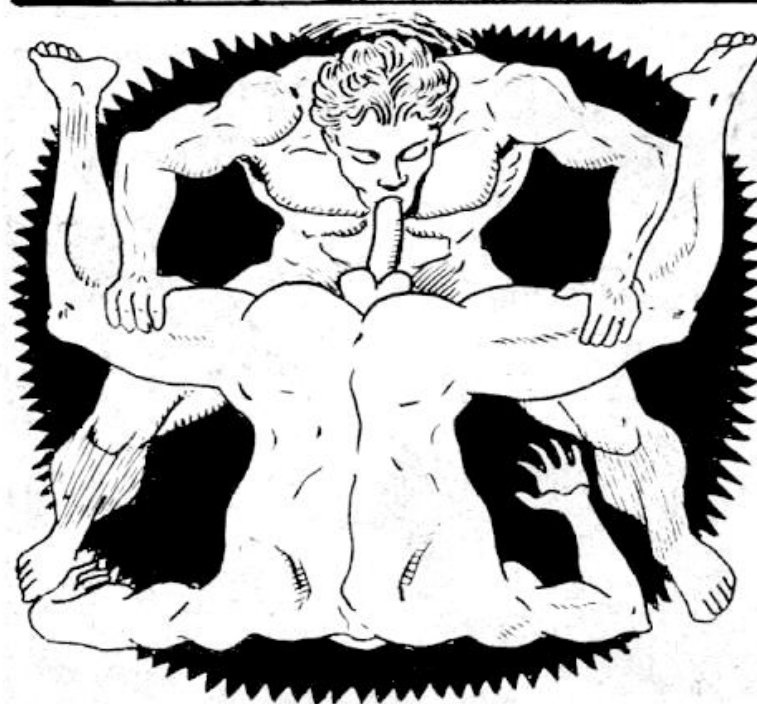
End















MARCISS



